Yet God before, we will come on,
If *France* and such another neighbor stood in our way;
If we may passe, we will; if we be hindered,
We shal your tawny grouñd with your red blood discolour
So *Montioy* get you gone, there's for your paines:
The sum of all our answere is but this,
We would not seeke a battle as we are;
Nor as we are, we say we will not shun it.

Herald. I shall deliuer so: thanks to your Maiesty.

Glost. My Liege, I hope they will not come vpon vs now.

King. We are in Gods hand brother, not in theirs;
To night we will encampe beyond the bridge,
And on to morrow bid them march away. *Exit.*

Enter Burbon, Constable, Orleance, and Gebon.

Con. Tut, I haue the best armour in the world.

Orleance. You haue an excellent armour,
But let my horse haue his due.

Bur. Now you talke of a horse,
I haue a steed like the Palfrey of the sunne,
Nothing but pure aire and fire,
And hath none of this dull element of earth within him.

Orleance. He is of the colour of the Nutmeg.

Bur. And of the heate of the Ginger.
Turne all the sands into eloquent tongues,
And my horse is argument for them all:
I once writ a Sonnet in the praise of my horse,
And began thus, Wonder of nature.

Con. I haue heard a Sonnet begin so,
In the praise of ones Mistresse.

Bur. Why then did they imitate
That which I writ in praise of my horse,
For my horse is my Mistresse.

Con. Ma foy the other day, me-thought
Your Mistresse shooke you shrewdly.

Bur.

Bur. I, bearing me.
My Mistresse weares h
Con. I could make a
If I had a Sow to my M
Bur. Tut, thou wilt
Con. Yet I do not v
Bur. Will it neuer b
Ile ride too morrow
And my way shall be
Con. By my faith s
For feare I be out-face
Bur. Well, ile go a
Gebon. The Duke of
Orleance. I, he long
Con. I thinke hee'l
Orlean. O peace, ill
Con. Ile cap that Pr
With there's flattery
Orle. O sir, I can ans
With giue the Diuell
Con. Haue at the ey
With a iogge of the
Orle. Well, the Du
The most actiue Gen
Con. Doing his acti
Orle. He neuer did
Con. No I warrant y
Orle. I hold him to
Con. I was told so b
you.
Orle. Whose that ?
Con. Why he told
And said he cared not
Orle. Well, who wi
For a hundred Englis
Con. You must go

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